

## Walter Raleigh's Pipe

THE pipe which Sir Walter Raleigh, the intrepid navigator, smoked on the scaffold at Tyburn, in 1618, is now said to be in the private museum belonging to an English firm of tobaccoists.



## Fiction Page



## The Oldest Inscriptions

INSCRIPTIONS on animals' bones are the earliest form of Chinese writing. The British Museum possesses a few specimens of these most unique curios, dating many centuries before modern civilization.

# THE FORTUNE HUNTER - By Ruby M. Ayres

## A Seeker of Thrills Finds Himself Mistaken for Another and Thereby Becomes Enmeshed in a Maze of Love and Mystery.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

IF he stayed he believed there could be no happiness for either of them. After what had happened she could never really trust him again.

She had said that she loved him, but the Fortune Hunter knew well enough that there is such a thing as a pity which is not really a near kin to love, but only a very poor distant relation.

He went back, step by step, over every hour spent with Anne since fate had brought him to Somerton, and he realized with an agony of remorse that he had done little to repay her goodness and devotion.

It seemed to him, too, in the height of his misery, that, given the time over again, it would have been so easy to tell her the whole truth from the beginning and trust to her love for forgiveness. He felt that he had been a madman not to take Garry Cannon's advice even at the eleventh hour and play the man. But it was all so many weary days too late.

Nothing could bring back the past, with its many wasted opportunities.

And, after all, she had been married to the man whom he had found dead in the woods that afternoon. Bitter jealousy added to his pain of remorse as he wondered why he had never before guessed the truth.

So many times she had said things that should have told him. Even as far back as that first morning they spent together on the island and she had said:

"And if uncle asks you about our wedding what shall you tell him?"

What a callous brute she must thought him!

And again, only two days ago, she had said bitterly, "I still have one ring of yours, which I have never dared to wear."

Even that had not told him, and now the game was at an end. The lights were out and presently the curtain would be rung down between them forever.

He sat with his head in his hands till the long night had passed away and the first gray streak of dawn began to mingle with the moonlight; then he rose, stretched his cramped limbs and drew up the blind.

The white road lay there beyond the garden, long and deserted, as if it were patiently waiting for him to go back to it—to start again on his weary tramp through life.

He had known happy days in the highways and byways—days free from care and responsibility, but they were things of the past, never to come again. It was to eternal bondage, not freedom, that he would be returning presently, when he took the road again.

He changed his clothes and put on the old worn suit in which he had come to Somerton. Then he unlocked all the drawers and boxes that held John Smith's possessions and laid the keys on the dressing table.

Somewhere in the house a clock struck four. He crossed the room noiselessly, opened the door and looked out to the landing. All was dark and still, but a faint apprehension prevented him from going out that way and risked meeting anyone, and he went back again into the room, closing the door behind him, and softly unlatched the window.

The scent of the climbing yellow rose, fading now beneath the chill breath of autumn, came to him faintly on the misty morning air, and he leaned down and, with unsteady hands, broke off one of the dying blooms and put it away in his coat; then he pushed the window more widely open and swung himself out on to the sill.

For a moment he hesitated, his heart torn with unbearable pain and longing; then slowly he let himself down till he hung only by his hands. A moment; then he let go, and dropped noiselessly to the sloping lawn below.

He stood for a moment, hat in hand, looking up at the dark face of the house.

It was growing light, and the trees and shrubs all around were creeping out of the darkness like queer, shapeless figures; an eerie world it seemed, and one which

he had never before chanced upon in his wanderings.

He had almost reached the garden gate when out of the shadows something stirred and a man's hoarse cough broke the silence.

The Fortune Hunter stood still, his heartbeats quickening a little, for he knew who waited there for him, and, with a morbid dread of being moved from his determination, he turned hurriedly back, skirted the boundary of the garden till he reached a low part of the wall some twenty feet from the spot where Fernie kept his patient vigil; then he climbed it and dropped into the road below.

He walked swiftly away towards the village, then, without a backward glance, his head down, his shoulders drooping, still carrying his shabby hat, and presently the morning mist and the mist from the river together shut out Cherry Lodge as if with an obscuring veil.

TO LONDON.

In his numbed heart was a vague feeling of gratitude to Fernie that he had waited so long and patiently through the chilly autumn night to say good-bye, or, perhaps, to try and persuade him not to go. It was something to know that perhaps the old man felt a shadow of regret, even of affection.

At the end of the village a signpost stood at cross-roads, and the Fortune Hunter glanced up at the directions mechanically.

"To London," Garry Cannon was there, and would be glad to see him, he knew, but he was in no mood for Cannon's blunt sympathy, and it was deliberately that he turned and struck across the fields through which he had come to Somerton that first day.

The entrance to the woods where he had found the body of John Smith was strewn with dead and dying leaves. The footpath was almost covered with them. The tall bracken was brown and withered and helplessly bending earthward.

It was autumn in the world, autumn in the Fortune Hunter's heart, as he went on, without glancing to the right or left, and out into the field on the other side, shut off by the five-barred gate.

It was here that he had sat a little less than seven weeks ago, on his eight-and-twentieth birthday, and counted his few remaining shillings. He had been happy, in a careless way, and since then he had known a far greater happiness, mingled with all the sorrow of the world. And now that, too, was ended, and it seemed to the Fortune Hunter almost as if life itself must end here where it had begun. . . .

He put his arms on the top of the gate and looked across the barren field to the wood beyond and the thin spire of Somerton Church, which was all he could see of the village. The river and Cherry Lodge were shut out by the trees, but he saw them all as faithfully as if they were there before his eyes—as he would see them to his dying day.

And he thought of Anne and the way she had clung to him only last night in the dark landing. "If you had left me, I should have followed you to the end of the world. Promise me you will stay—promise me!"

How many times in the future would not her words come back to torture him with doubt. Had it been the right thing to go? Ought he to have stayed? But it was too late now; by his own action he had written the end to the story.

Finished! The word seemed blazoned across the gray sky and the brown, barren field.

The first ray of morning sunshine pierced the clouds and touched the Fortune Hunter's haggard face with kind radiance. The beginning of a new day, which for him was the end of everything.

There was probably no more miserable man in Somerton that night than old Fernie, as he walked slowly away from Cherry Lodge through the darkness, his pipe hanging cold and deflected from between his lips, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his corduroy breeches.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## A MESSAGE FROM MABEL

How a Father Who Imposed Upon His Only Daughter Made a Suggestion That Reacted in a Way He Little Imagined

By Ella Randall Pearce.

MR. FOSTER HOLT came into the room where his daughter sat drooping wearily opposite a floor clock that pointed to the hour of 11:30 p. m. He wore a jaunty air set off by a purple boutonniere and his eyes were bright and his recognize you as a power to be dealt with, see? More ambition, that's what you need—and confidence. Then you'll be a real money-maker. And you can do it—YOU!"

He pointed a finger at her and posed superbly. "Don't miss it, Mabel. You'll find a message for yourself—and you'll learn how to grow and rise and lift yourself out of a humble and a sordid environment."

His gesture of disdain took in his modest surroundings, although Mabel had always felt that they had a very cozy little home. And she had tried hard to maintain it since her mother's death. She had been wage-earner, housekeeper and guardian of her father's comfort all in one. smile as fresh as though it were morning.

"Hello, Mabel. Sitting up for old daddy, eh?" he greeted her blithely. "Well, well, that's a good little girl. Get my phone message all right?"

Mabel tried to emulate his air of cheerfulness, but a tone of reproach would creep into her voice. "I got your message after dinner was ready. And I had some special dishes, dad. Just what you—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Too bad if you went to any extra trouble." Mr. Holt expanded his chest and slapped it soundly. "I met Geers—old Joe—and his wife, you know. And they invited me to dinner. Then we took in a lecture."

He wheeled briskly and beamed upon his daughter. "Say, Mabel, you ought to have been there. Done you good. It's the new philosophy. You just tap a secret spring and there's no limit to your resources." Mr. Holt made a sweeping gesture and balanced himself airily on his well-shod feet.

"You need some more 'pep,' Mabel. Looking like a faded flower—and it isn't midnight yet."

"Well, I've had rather a hard day at the office," said Mabel

apologetically. "And the evening seemed long."

"That's it—so you sagged. Mustn't ever sag, my girl. You want to get the new idea. Train your sub-conscious mind."

DRIFTING AWAY.

All this time Mr. Foster Holt had been drifting further and further away from the industrial habits of his former years. He had gone from one business position to another, always complaining that the work was beneath him, or he was misunderstood, or underpaid; and lately he had not been working at all.

More and more he had been looking at his daughter for support; and Mabel, out of affection and sympathy, and blinded not a little by her charming father's eloquence and excuses, carried her burdens and made her sacrifices without resentment or complaint.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Foster Holt reminded his daughter again of the great opportunity awaiting her. "Why, we should be living on a much higher plane than this," he affirmed buoyantly. "Take in those lectures, Mabel. Get your message. Wake up your mind, and success is yours! And, by the way, can you let me have \$5? Going down to the island on a little motoring trip. Looking over some real estate."

He caught Mabel's eye and added sheepishly: "May be a chance for me to get a little rake-off myself. Then I'll pay you back the V—with interest. And, Mabel, if I'm not back early, go to bed like a good little girl."

But Mabel did not go to bed early that evening. Instead she looked over the program her father had given her and decided to go to the lecture hall. "How to Grow a Personality" was the caption of the lecture scheduled for that night.

Mabel smiled dryly. "That's what Dad thinks I need—personality and 'pep.' I am getting tired and slow. But I guess all work and no play is as bad for Jill as it is for Jack!"

So Mabel went willingly and hopefully to get her message. And perhaps the psychological moment had come—who knows?—for Mabel Holt to hear a few plain truths about the complex business of living.

She sat like one in a mesmeric spell beneath the unfolding of a new science, a new viewpoint. Her spirit expanded and absorbed the new ideas like a sponge. She went home with clarifying thoughts on individual rights and privileges. She had received her message—but not in the way Foster Holt had intended!

Breakfast was always a hearty meal for Mabel, but the next evening when the dinner had been cleared away, Mr. Holt playfully asked her if she was beginning to grow a personality.

"Well, dad, I guess my personality will grow if it gets a fair chance," returned Mabel cheerfully. "And the first thing I'm ment."

"Good! Got a better job in sight?" asked her father, with beaming countenance.

"Better in many ways. You know it was a terrible grind for me at the office. And Cousin Clare has asked me to go South with her and help her in her research work."

"Oh, that—pooh! Let Cousin Clare do her own gyping, if she will."

"But I've always wanted to do a bit of gyping, too," interrupted Mabel. "And I told Clare today I would go."

"You told Clare? Why, I thought that idea was given up long ago!" Mr. Holt began to bluster. "You can't do it, Mabel! Here's your home—your father—your duty."

"The home is too much for me to carry—alone—so I am giving it up." Mabel spoke with a firmness and composure she had never shown before. "Dad, I hope you won't be angry if I speak plainly, but I must have my freedom for a while. And it isn't as if you really needed me, you know."

Mabel unconsciously copied her father's expansive gesture and dramatic tones. "Why, you are still young—and well—and strong. You have friends and opportunities. You will manage."

She linked her arm with her father's and smiled archly into his bewildered face.

"Tap the secret spring of your resources, Dad. And I'll be growing 'pep' and personality—and—when I come back—Hervocle wavered and her eyes were moist. "Dad, dear, we'll be so proud of each other—when I come back!"

## THE LOVE LETTERS HE NEVER GOT

The Story of a Man Who Imagined He Had Been Rejected and Who Came Back After Years Only to Find He Had Made a Heartrending Mistake.

By Bertha R. McDonald.

IT was Saturday. A strained, puzzled look came into the man's eyes which otherwise, in spite of his thirty-four years, gleamed boyishly. His broad shoulders relaxed, and as he continued on his way along the unfamiliar street his face settled into wistful lines. Whichever way he looked he could see nothing—absolutely nothing—that belonged to his past.

In spite of the humble cottages that once flanked either side of the street, there were ambitious business blocks or houses of a pretentious elegance undreamed of in his youth. Even the grand old maples which used to meet overhead were not the same. Many of them had been thinned out and replaced here and there by closely clipped shrubs, which gave the place an air of being a well-kept park.

As the long street became more sparsely settled, ending finally in an open space, the soft ripple of water set his heart to beating suffocatingly. He was thankful that at last he had come to something with which he was familiar!

Laughing to himself, he scam-

bled down the bank of the old creek and flung himself at the foot of the old tree around which centered so many happy memories. With the familiar sights and sounds it seemed as though the very flood gates of his memory were suddenly forced wide open.

It was here that he and pretty Sue Easton had held their trysts. Here he had carved their initials on the bark of this very tree, inclosing them both in the well-defined outlines of a heart. He recalled again the summons to take up his career in a great city—how reluctant he had been about telling Sue—how, finally, he had written the letter explaining the situation, declaring his unswerving devotion, and expressing the hope that she reciprocated to the extent of waiting a little while until he could send for her.

An Odd Postoffice. He had placed the letter in their regular postoffice, which was a hollow in the tree, with a small, round hole for an opening. He remembered the day he had slit the bark down to make a door large enough to admit their hands and how they had agreed

to fill the small opening with a crush of paper if there was anything inside.

She was to replace his letter with her answer and he lived over again the agonizing moment when he had again visited the postoffice, only to find his own letter just inside the little door—his own letter crushed into a pulpy ball, as though Sue had wished to impress upon him her utter disregard for it.

Of course, he had left without seeing her again, nor had he heard from her in any way except a rumor that she still lived in Springbrook. Was she married? Had she any children? Did she ever give him, the lover of her girlhood, a single thought? She was altogether too lovely, he argued with himself to remain forever unsought and after all, it was too much to ask a girl like Sue to bury herself in Springbrook, while he went forth alone to seek fame and fortune.

Something, he scarcely realized what, turned the man's steps back again in the direction of the cottage where Sue had lived with his mother and sister. Here was one place that time had not changed. Everything about it was just as he had remembered, even the old knocker which Sue always kept so brightly polished. Yes—and a coat of fresh white paint, with green for the shutters! Why—he remembered as if it were yesterday, that the place had just received a similar going over the very day he left town.

But these children! There were several in the yard and one little girl was the very image of Sue. "Who—whose children are they?" He asked falteringly of a man who happened to be passing.

"Them? Oh, they're Mrs. Bromley's—most of 'em, anyway—her that was Miss Easton."

One More Visit. He recalled young Bromley, but he hadn't been aware that Sue ever even thought of him. Oh, well, Sue was as he expected. He had been foolish after all to subject himself to this unnecessary heartache. He found his way back to the hotel and after a sleepless night decided to make one more trip to the postoffice. As he did so he touched something which felt like an envelope and wonderingly drew it out. It seemed to be a letter and was addressed to him, Mr. Eric Doane, in penmanship he never could forget.

His hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold the paper as he unfolded it and read:

"Dear Heart—I don't know why you didn't take my answer from the tree that day. I placed it carefully within, closing the little bark door, and brushed your letter into a ball for the round hole as I had forgotten to bring any other paper. I almost died when I heard you had left town and found in our tree only my own letter unopened. For every day of these last ten years I have written a letter for your postoffice, hoping—yes, believing, that some day you would come back and find me still waiting. God keep you wherever you are."

"SUE EASTON." He saw it all now. On that never-to-be-forgotten day, he had pulled the crushed paper from the hole and finding it his own letter had gone on further, thinking that Sue had chosen this way to show him she no longer cared. Once more Eric Doane sought the Easton cottage. A Sunday quiet brooded over the place, but he went briskly up the shaded walk and struck the brass knocker soundly.

The little girl who resembled Sue opened the door and in response to his inquiries replied quaintly. "Yes, sir, Miss Easton lives here. I'm Susie Bromley and she's my auntie. She's in church now and she's had to go, too, 'cause Miss Perkins, she's been calling Auntie Sue an old maid. She talked to the whole missionary society bout it. Said Auntie Sue kept lettin' on she was still waitin' for some beau what used to be kinda sweet on her, but that everybody in town knowed she'd been plain jilted, whatever that is."

Leaving the astonished child still chattering, Eric Doane hurried down the walk, up the street and straight into the Methodist church. It required but a few moments in the rush of the church service, during the hour of prayer, to locate Miss Sue Easton, and while the hymn was being given out, a strange man walked up the aisle, into the Easton pew, and helped himself unceremoniously to a half of Miss Sue's open hymn book. She looked up at him and smiled a sweet, welcoming smile, just as though she had been expecting him, and both the man and the woman joined in the singing.

Next day Miss Perkins, whose pew happened to be directly back of the Eastons', gave out the information, "Guess there's some mistake about that Easton girl's being a confirmed old maid. Her fellow's come for her after all."

## BEST LITTLE DEVIL

A STORY OF A SEASIDE FLIRTATION

And How an Overheard Conversation Did Much to Alter a Girl's Career in Life.

By Lily Wandel

"I COULDN'T let you make such a sacrifice, Judy," Kurt Belew was saying firmly. "It wouldn't be fair to you—nor to Dave Ruggles."

"Dave Ruggles!" Judy laughed amusedly. "Why, Kurt, you old silly, Dave has not the slightest claim on me! It's been a wish-washy school girl and boy friendship, so nothing compared to our deep love, dear. You're not jealous?" She laid her bobbed head against his tweed coat.

"Kurt, Dave Ruggles has never breathed a word of love to me—he's a kid, that's all."

"And what are you, Judy?" laughed Kurt, then in an instant he was serious again. "Judy, certain conventions must be upheld; they are the laws of society. Two persons, simply because they love each other, cannot break any convention and get away with it!"

"That's because their love has not been big enough," answered Judy heatedly.

Kurt shook his head gloomily. "It can't be done; others have tried it before!"

He got up from the sand, refrained from kissing her, though she held up her lips temptingly. "Judy, you're wonderful, but, really," he hesitated for a moment, "Judy, be sensible and let's say good-by!"

"You don't mean it, Kurt," answered Judy gravely. "You're just a big, fire man!" Kurt squeezed the hand she had laid in his and looked out at the sea.

"I'm going to take the midnight train," he added almost cautiously.

In Judy's brown eyes came a wonderful light she suppressed a little laugh. "Kurt," she cried impulsively, "will you wait here five or ten minutes, I just want to run to the hotel—I want to give you something for your trip." He looked after her fleetingly form with wondering, relieved eyes.

In her bedroom Judy hastily pulled out her bag and thrust in a few things. "What'll he say, I wonder, when I tell him I am giving him myself for the trip and for always!" Her eyes shone, and then like a flash she snapped off the lights and stood perfectly still. In the next room were voices—her mother's and father's.

"I wonder where Judy is again?" she heard her mother ask. "Don't worry," came her father's deep reply. "She'll take care of herself. You know Judy."

"Oh, Dad, you're unobserving, out of date! Judy will fall in love a couple of times, they'll be passionate, dreadful loves—I know, Dad because Judy has my nature and I know what I went through until I met you or rather realized that your good, solid, reliable qualities were the thing to love and hold!" Judy could hear her father kiss her mother. She smiled, an hour later Kurt would kiss her, too!

"I forget," her father said after a big yawn, "how girls and boys

are, but you know, Jane, I think that Ruggles boy's a good chap. Now don't you think our Judy likes him?"

"Perhaps they're young; friendship may develop into love. I wouldn't even hint at such a thing to Judy, but, really, Dad, he has qualities like you have! I am sure his mother never had the trouble with him that Mrs. Berlew had with Kurt!"

"Trouble, what kind?" Judy listened breathlessly. "Did they know of his marriage?"

"Oh, nothing serious—just annoying. Everlasting flirtations, Mrs. Berlew was telling me. Why, Dad, you know in college a flirtation got so serious, at least the girl took it that way, that Kurt, in an awful corner, told her he was married!" Judy clucked the footboard of the bed.

"Of course he isn't?" asked her father.

"No, certainly not. But the poor boy had let the thing go too far and did not know how to get out of it without being a cad."

Kurt Belew, slowly pacing the beach, was surprised by a gay little laugh in back of him. He turned quickly to a very much out-of-breath Judy.

"I can't stay a minute," she said hurriedly, but smilingly. "I passed Dave Ruggles in the lobby and I promised him the next dance. Oh, Kurt!"—she laid her hand lightly on his coat sleeve—"will you ever forgive me? Honest, Kurt, I'm the worst devil in this whole seashore resort!" she laughed softly.

"What is it, Judy; I don't quite get you?"

"That I made a monkey of you, Kurt, and it's a mean shame!" she patted his sleeve. "Say you'll forgive me? I knew right along you weren't married, but, Kurt, I just couldn't resist stringing you along."

"But one thing, honest and in earnest," she hastened to add, "I shouldn't have belittled my friendship with Dave Ruggles—even to tease you! Dave has such qualities—like my dad! And they are difficult to find in the world! Now, I must beat it!" she turned to leave; "hope you have a fine trip!"

"Judy!" he hurried along; "you know there isn't any trip—Judy, can I have the second dance," he begged almost plaintively.

She tilted back her head and smiled a refusal. "I've promised Dave the second and third, and then I'm going to bed! Now run along, little boy, and be good!" They had reached the hotel porch and Dave Ruggles rushed up to claim his dance.

Somehow when Judy felt Dave's arm slip around her and they fell in step with the music the wound that had hurt so much seemed entirely healed. Her mother was wrong. Judy had passed through one bad love affair and that one sufficed until she was ready to love Dave.

"Dave!" she looked up at him. "Am I the best little devil?"

He smiled gravely and shook his head. "You're an angel, a big yawn, 'how girls and boys

## The Ragged City Madonna

By ELIZABETH M. JOYCE.

A S Maria Rossie emerged from the alley with the little Antonio in her arms she almost ran into a cart of Christmas evergreens.

"The Feast of the Nativity," murmured Maria devoutly, and then folded little Antonio closer under her worn shawl as the baby reached out from the fragrant evergreens.

Maria's dark eyes were sad, but not hopeless, as she trudged along. It was true that she had been somewhat disappointed in this new country to which Luigi had brought her, but perhaps that had been because he was ill so much lately and, too, because her clothing was too thin for this cold climate and food was none too plentiful.

Of course, when Luigi recovered and the winter was over, everything would be all right. It was only for a short time that the land of their dreams had failed them, but ah, the Feast of the Nativity was almost here and little Antonio was reaching out for the first time after the joys of Christmas—and she had nothing to give him.

"There must be a way," Maria said to herself confidently. "Oh, there must be a way and I will find it."

Presently from a tower of a church the chimes melodiously pealed out the hour and Maria paused. Amid the throng of eager, hurrying people she stood still for a moment and then her troubled face cleared and her eyes grew soft.

Holding her baby close, she entered the church and knelt down reverently in the last pew. For

a long time she knelt there while the peace of the holy place gradually stole over her and calmed her troubled spirit, and little Antonio went to sleep in her arms.

But at length from out the dimness of the great sanctuary one object began to stand out clearer and clearer as her eyes grew accustomed to the shadows. It was a window close to the chancel that a ray of sunshine had found and as it traveled it brought out in the rich colors of a great painting the figures of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child.

As the window brightened in the sunlight, Maria's eyes became fixed on it as if fascinated. Then slowly she rose from her knees and moved nearer and nearer to the wonderful picture. When at last she reached it she sank on her knees and holding out the sleeping child in her arms she prayed softly.

"Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Help—pity!"

Did she imagine it, or did the form of the Blessed One bend over her, consoling? And did the little hands of the Holy Child stretch out in benediction over her own little one?

Maria was cold and clad in rags and had eaten little for days so that Luigi, her sick husband, might have the more. Just what happened, she did not know, but suddenly she felt sure that her prayer for help would be answered and weak and faint she sank to the floor before the sunlit Madonna, with a low cry of joy.

But as the woman in rags sank down exhausted, another woman, clad in furs and silks, rose hastily from a dark corner of the church and went to her.

"Oh, you poor creature! Tell me how I can help you